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CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF A RAT.

The following story, having reference to the before-mentioned ruin, is fully accredited by many residing in the neighbourhood :—

Some years since, a man who on Saturday night had sacrificed rather freely to Bacchus, found himself on Sunday morning comfortably reclining on a heap of litter under the tower of the old abbey. After rubbing his eyes, and satisfying himself he was really awake, he began to beat himself; but it being still early, and not feeling quite recovered, the rising sun also shining gloriously on his bed of straw, he thought it better to have another doze, and accordingly again composed himself to rest. However, in a short time, casting his eyes about, he perceived a rat coming from a hole opposite, having a guinea in his mouth, which he carefully deposited in such a situation as that the beams of the sun falling full upon it showed it off in all its pristine beauty. This process was repeated until he had arranged upwards of twenty before Paddy's astonished gaze. After contemplating his treasure with as much satisfaction as any other miser, he commenced removing them again; but our hero, after one or two had disappeared, thinking, perhaps, he would never again have such another golden opportunity, took the liberty, when the owner's back was turned, of sweeping the remainder into his hat, which he pressed most affectionately to his bosom, and ran for his life. But the rat, who did not wish to lose so simply the fruits of a long life of industry and toil, pursued the plunderer, and coming up with him, mounted on his back, and immediately fastened on his neck. Paddy, thus assailed, but unwilling to give up his prize, roared most lustily for assistance, which attracting the attention of some persons going to early service in a neighbouring chapel, they came to his relief, and delivered him from his enemy, who fell, like any other hero, gallantly defending his property.

R. A.

"THE SACRED HARP OF IRELAND."

This little selection of sacred songs rendered into Irish verse, affords another proof of the anxiety evinced at the present moment, to meet the prejudices of our people in favour of their native language. The rendering, or translation is by different hands, under the direction or superintendence of Miss Alexander, of Ardbracan palace, county Meath. It is, indeed, gratifying to observe individuals, moving in the higher walks of life, sacrificing their ease and convenience, and devoting their wealth to such benevolent objects as those in which we have reason to know this amiable lady has been for years engaged. Her efforts in favour of the juvenile Deaf and Dumb have done much towards alleviating the condition of very many of that hopeless class of our fellow-beings; and her present efforts to communicate instruction through a medium by which alone many in various parts of our island could receive it, deserves the highest commendation. Of the translations we confess ourselves incompetent to express more than a merely superficial opinion. The language used appears smooth and intelligible—though there are in some of the pieces occasional breaches of grammar, the nominative for instance in place of the genitive.* This, however, was a fault to be expected in rendering English verse into Irish, as there exists a very great difference in the mode of expression in the one language from the idiom of the other; on the whole, we can recommend the little work to lovers of the Irish language—and as a specimen, select Bishop Heber's beautiful lines on the Death of a Friend, of which we also subjoin the English, that all our readers may have an opportunity of judging of the correctness of the translation, which will be found to be nearly literal; the expression in the first line—"Thou art gone to the grave"—alone being changed to what will be much better understood by the Irish peasantry—"Thou art laid in the grave." We should, perhaps, have mentioned, that the preface, by Miss Alexander, is in the Irish language; and we give the lady the fullest credit for sincerity, when

in the close of her address she says—"You will not doubt my word when I say, that I love my native country, and that I have a desire to do good for the people of Ireland."

"THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE."

'Sa 'n'uañi tã tã r'ñje. 'I 'ñ ðeunpan tã ðaoneað
 'Ib buarþneað 'i r'ñf'at a beþ t'ñjell tã tãmba
 tã Shlãñuñg'ðeoni c'uaþ c'um tã 'ñg'e tã tãneað
 'S'ñ t'neoni t'ñt 'ra tãñcãtãr lãc'nan a 'ñãtã.

'Sá h'uallih tá ór rínite; h́ feicimyo ór fearoá,
'S h́ ríubhilmio do éinneacé scam-fhíotóib an
tíaothail;

21.66 Criforo a3 fupheac lē to zābāyl cūm nearōa,
'So t'euz jerean euzatō zāc peacač zan bāozał.

Sa n'ua'm tã d' r'jnt! ð'n scollam 'no'r zluaract
De r'pnao las, b'f'ro'm, ra b'ion tul do t're'st,
Uct dealnarz an rolur ó neath app do ó'fract
Sé b'h'ceól an t're'napp an f'uam fh do c'alarr.

'Sα η'αληη τὰ πρ' ἵκητε! 'ρη'δεληπαη το δαοηεαδ,
Ο τὰ θηα δὴητ η'ρεαη κοηητε, 'τ ηα τρεοηαδε
ζη4τ;

'Se tũz tũr, 'rẽ ȝab tũr, 'rẽ tũnũfar t'arĩeacatũ,
'Sa n'euz nĩ bũũl ȝatũ, 6 fũũũũ an Slũũũũtũũũũ bũũr.
E. O'C.

TRANSLATION.

“Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee :

Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
Thy Saviour has pass'd thro' its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

"Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the sinless has died.

“Thou are gone to the grave—and its mansions forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardest was the Seraphim’s
song.

"Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee.

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide :
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee ;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died."

HEBER.

CAT-ALINE CONSPIRACY.

It is a singular fact, that the inhabitants of a town not 50 miles from Dublin were all astonished one morning to find they were minus their cats. Not a feline animal, of any age or sex, was to be found. All the neighbours consoled with each other, for a similar *cat*-astrophe had befallen the sage grimalkins of every house. In a few days, however, some few of the wanderers returned, bearing manifest traces of having been recently engaged in a hard fought field, where

"Those who lost the fatal day
Stood, few and faint, but fearless still."

The wounds of most were in front, a proof of their gallant bearing. Their skins were lacerated—their ears and legs bore marks of many a hard struggle—great, indeed, was the mutilation the warriors had sustained. The only instance of poltroonery, I feel ashamed to state, was that of my own cat, who returned *sans queue*; this mutilation *en arriere* affording a strong presumption of the sufferer having fled from the engagement. A field some distance from the town was found strewn with the carcasses of those who

"Bravely fought, and fearless died."

Of the truth of this statement I assure you that you need not entertain the slightest doubt.

* See No. 45, of the Collection.